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Ratan Lal Agarwal.

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FREE INDIA READERS

(A NEW WAY TO ENGLISH)

BOOK TWO

BIHAR TEXTBOOK COMMITTEE

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A NEW WAY TO ENGLISH

BOOK TWO

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THE BIHAR TEXTBOOK COMMITTEE

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What shall I write about ? If you were with me I would love to talk to you about this beautiful world of ours, about flowers and trees and birds and animals and stars and mountains and glaciers and all the other wonderful things that surround us in this world. We have all this beauty all around us and yet we, who are grownups, often forget about it and lose ourselves in our arguments or our quarrels. We sit in office and imagine we are doing very important work.

I hope you will be more sensible and open your eyes and ears to this beauty and life that surrounds you. Can you recognise the flowers by their names and the birds by their singing ? How easy it is to make friends with them and with everything in nature, if you go to them affectionately and with friendship. You must have read many fairy tales and stories long ago. But the world itself is the greatest fairy tale and story of adventure that was ever written. Only we must have eyes to see and ears to hear and the mind that opens out to the life and beauty of the world.

Shri Jawaharlal Nehru

(In a special article for children in Shanker's Weekly: Children's Number)

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FROM THE CLOUD LAND TO THIS EARTH

High up, against the summer sky, a **number** of clouds **played** "hide and **seek.**" Some were white, some were fair, and some were a **faint** blue. They looked like so many balloons. Their mother came out to see what her **children** were doing, and she was very pleased to see them playing in the golden sun.

"Don't go very far, dear children, or you will get **lost,**" said their mother to them.

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"Don't **worry** at all, **dear** mother!" said the children to her, "we shall not go very far from you, our dear mother, or **beyond** our home which is this lovely **cloudland.**"

And so the mother went away, and the children sang, and danced, and played. Some of them were here; some were there; but none of them went far away from where their cloudland **lay.**

The youngest cloud did not sing or dance. He felt very sorry for himself, for his **elder** brothers and sisters **ran** away and he could not run as **fast** as they. So he sat, all by himself, looking

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lower down at the top of a lovely mountain, where the trees swayed with the wind.

Then, he felt **uplifted** as the Wind came up to him and spoke these gentle words, "Don't worry, my child. Come with me and be my **friend**. I shall take you to the earth below and you will see many wonderful lands."

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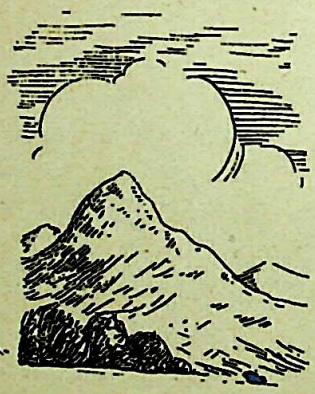
The youngest cloud was now full of hope. "Oh, thank you, West Wind!" said he, "you are very kind. I should much like to go from place to place, seeing the **hills**, the rivers, and the **streams**!"



And the wind said to him, "Then, I shall blow you **right** away."

And both together left the cloud-land, which is above, for the earth, which is below.

So their **journey** began. It was a long, long journey. They journeyed over mountains and **valleys**, lands and seas. Now they were over little **villages**; now they were over big towns. Now they heard the lion **roaring** in the forest; now

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they heard the birds singing in trees.

"You are about to see the wonderful **world** below. Don't be **afraid.** You will fall very gently, and you won't be **hurt,**" said the Wind to the little cloud. And then, before the cloud could say "Good-bye," it **suddenly** grew very cold and the **air** was as **ice.** And the little cloud was very much afraid. He now wanted to be near his mother whom he called **aloud;** but his mother could not **answer** his call, for she was far away, at her home in cloudland, and he was here, up indeed, but very near the earth.

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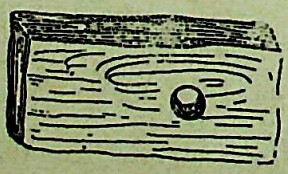
Then, he began to grow smaller and smaller. He wondered and wondered, and he did not know what to do, and where to look for his brothers or sisters or his dear mother. He began to **cry**, and he cried **bitterly**, and then he was no longer a cloud but all **tears** and his tears fell down on the earth below, as drops of water which you and I call the rain.

Down fell the rain-drops that had **once** been the youngest child of Mother Cloud. And they fell on a mountain-top and **kept** falling and falling until they **reached** a small **hole** in the mountain. Here



they lay, looking far above, at the blue sky which was their home. The West

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Wind came again and asked the rain-drops, "How do you like the **funny** change ?" "We like it much," said the rain-drops, "but we should like it more if we could go down to the earth and see the wonderful world. And we should like it most, if our brothers and sisters could be with us."

"Wait a little," said the West Wind, "I shall get you all together. Your brothers and sisters will soon be here. Then you may all **flow** down to the earth, and I shall **follow** you in your long journey."

Soon the sky was full of clouds, and it grew dark. The Wind blew hard. The trees **bent** low and the birds **flew** back to **branches** of the trees. It was darker now

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The children on this earth left the playing fields and **hurried** home. Back at home, these children looked for their mothers, for the **lightning flashed** across the sky, and it **thundered**, and the children were afraid.

Then it **started** to rain. At first a few big drops fell and these were blown by the wind to where the youngest cloud lay as rain-drops, in the stony hole. The big drops saw what was inside the hole and were so pleased as to call the other drops —yet above—to fall quickly and meet their youngest brother. So the drops fell, one after another, and soon there were countless drops of rain, falling together to make a large **fountain**, which

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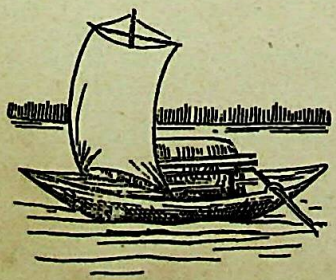
flowed down the mountain to the **flat** earth below. And the brothers and sisters laughed together, and they laughed aloud so happily indeed that the trees tried to copy their **music** and the birds, too, but they could not.

So the fountain fell on to this earth and made a lovely stream : and the stream flowed through the flat, **thirsty** fields which **quickly** turned to a pleasant green.

What a number of things there were now to see ! Boys came to **sail** their little **boats.** Girls came to



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let the cows have a drink. Women came to wash their plates. Men came to have a **bath.**

And the stream **moved** on, now **through** a village, now through a town, until at last, at **twilight,** it reached a thick forest in which there were many flowers, many

plants, many trees, many birds, and many **beasts**. And they all **welcomed** the lovely stream and they all liked the pleasant sound it made.

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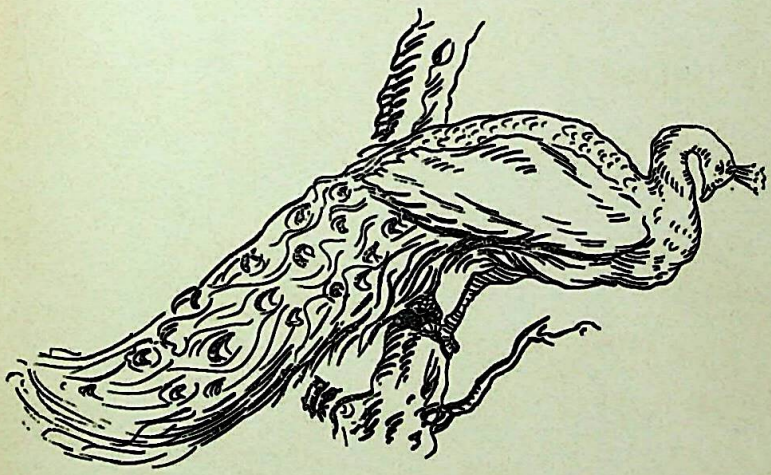
"Welcome, O lovely stream!" said the **peacock** and it danced **lightly** on the ground.



"Welcome, O lovely stream," said the cuckoo and it sang a note or two.

"Welcome, O lovely stream!" said the **wise owl** and it **hooted twice.**

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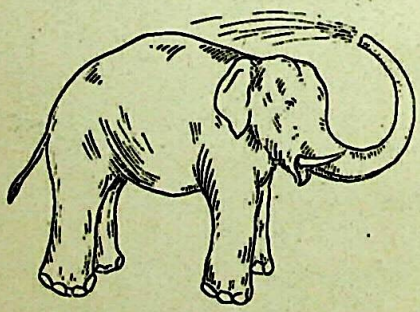
"Welcome, O lovely stream !" said the **camel** as it drank its fill.

"Welcome, O lovely stream !" said the elephant as it **drew** plenty of water with its large **trunk**, and then **threw** it back.



"**Stay** with us, oh lovely stream !" said the **ivy** and it looked refreshed.

"Don't leave us at once, O lovely stream !" said the **orchard** plant as it bent over the stream.

And the stream was happy to know that it was much liked and the rain drops

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which made the stream, danced and sang, for they all **enjoyed** themselves.

High up, in the deep blue sky, Mother Cloud was **sadder** than she **ever** had been. She **wished** she were **dead**, for she had long **waited** for her children to come back, and they had not yet come back. How she **hated** the Wind who took her children away! And now she cried and cried until her sister, Lightning, who was her **neighbour**, came and asked her why she cried.

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"What a **question** to ask!" said Mother Cloud. "Where are my children? How can I eat and drink and **sleep,** while my sons and daughters are away?"

"Oh, Sister! My **nephews** and **nieces** will soon be back from the earth. Don't worry!"

"I have worried, am worrying, and shall go on worrying, and I shall lie **awake** until they **return**!" said Mother Cloud and she started to cry again.

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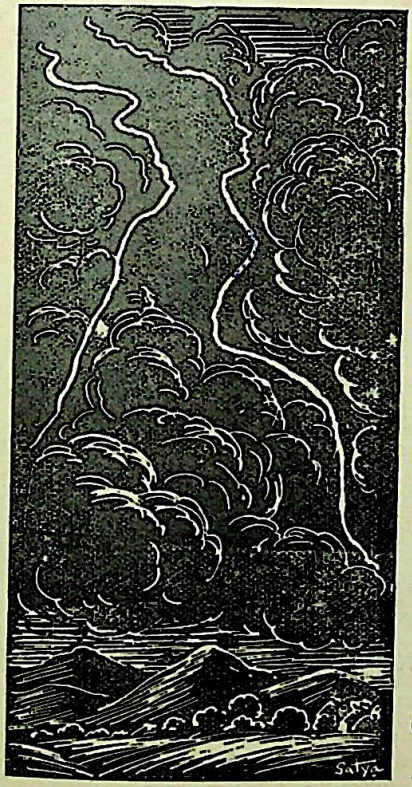

Her sister, Lightning, was **puzzled.** What could she do ! She was **neither** very **foolish nor** very **bright.** So she sat down with her sister and began to cry with her. Now the two cried so loud that Thunder, their brother, heard them and **rushed** quickly to where his sisters lay.

Mother Cloud told her brother how

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the wind blew her children away and how she had waited and waited for her children to return, and how she had been lying awake, **angry** with the wind, **hungry** for her children's

love, hurt at **heart, never** so sad as now.

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Brother Thunder was angry. He

thundered and thundered. Men and women, birds and beasts looked up at the sky, and wondered and wondered, for there were no dark clouds, and yet it thundered. Men and women hurried back to their homes: birds and beasts quickly found their **shelters.**

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Thunder and Lightning went hurriedly to the Sun. They bent low in **salute** and then Thunder said to the Sun, "Sir, my sister's children have been long away; they have been blown off by

the Wind and they have fallen down on the earth as rain. You, sir, should please bring them back."

The Sun smiled and said, "I shall do my best."

Lightning and Thunder returned to their sister and the Sun sent its strong

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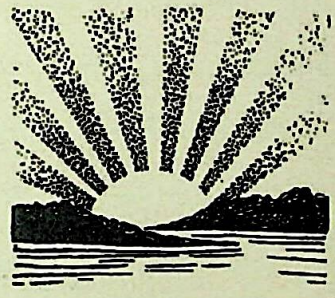

rays to the earth. It grew hot, and so hot, that you could not go out even with an **umbrella**. Men and women kept indoors.

Foolish children went out to return very quickly for their feet were **burnt**. Birds took shelter in trees; beasts in **dens**. The Wind did not blow. Birds did not sing. Children did not play. All were **silent**, in the hot, **blazing** sun which **beat** down upon the water-drops in

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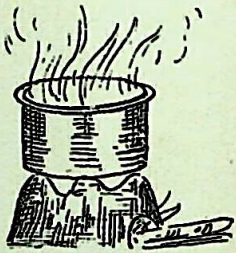
the stream, turning them to **vapour.**



Up and up, they all went, one after another. The rain-drops of the stream, which were now vapour, rose higher and higher, one and all, until they reached their lovely home, which, as you know, is cloudland.

And Mother Cloud looked no longer dark. She looked very **fair** and bright, and her children were as fair as she, and they all sailed across

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the blue sky, and none sailed far away from their dear mother, who followed them wherever they went.

When you see the white clouds in the autumn sky, think of Mother Cloud, happily welcoming her children, just returned from the earth.

EXERCISES

I. **Answer :**

1. Why did Mother Cloud tell her children not to go far away ?
2. Did the youngest cloud obey his mother ?
3. Was the Wind kind or unkind to the little cloud ?

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4. Why was the stream liked by the forest, birds and beasts ?

5. Why did Mother Cloud cry ?

6. Why was brother Thunder angry ? How did he help his sister ?

II. Write ten lines about how 'hide and seek' is played.

III. What is the longest journey you have journeyed ? How did you travel ? Some ways are (a) walking (b) by motor (c) by ship (d) by air. Which of them is :—

(a) fastest
(b) slowest
(c) way of crossing a river or sea ?

IV. Group the following words correctly :

owl	roars
lion	brays
cuckoo	hoots
dog	mews
cat	barks
ass	neighs
horse	sings

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V. Write in your own words the uses of water, steam (vapour) and ice. Which is most useful and why ?

VI. **Read below :**

We should drink clean water.

Wells water our fields.

In the first line **water** is a naming-word. In the second line **water** is a telling-word. Use the following as both naming and telling words :

salute, play, dance, journey.

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RAIN

Little John was not happy. It was raining and John did not like the rain. He kept saying :—

"Rain, Rain, go away ;
Come again another day ;
Little Johnny wants to play."

Just then a little **voice** said, "But, little boy, do you want **nice** milk to drink?"

"Yes, I do," said Johnny.

"Well then," said the Rain, "I must stay here today to make the grass **wet.** The cows, you know, eat the grass. Your father will milk the cows. Mother will give you a glass of milk to drink."

"Very well, then," said John, "You may stay."

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And the Rain did stay. Some days later the sun shone and John was happy and played in the garden. He loved the sun and was happy that the Rain had gone away.

Then it began to rain again. "Rain, Rain, go away," said John, "I want to play in the garden."

"But, Johnny," asked the Rain, "Do you want nice flowers in your garden ?"

"Oh yes, I do," said Johnny.

"Well then," said the Rain, "I must stay to make the flowers grow."

"All right, Rain," said John, "you may stay."

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And the Rain stayed and the flowers grew, and the garden was very beautiful.

The sun shone for four or five days, and then it began to rain again.

"Rain, Rain, go away,

You must not rain today," said little Johnny.

"But Johnny," asked the Rain, "do you like all the dust? Do you like the dust to blow in your eyes? Do you not like clean **streets** and clean houses? Do you like clean benches to sit on in the park?"

"No, I do not like dust, and I do like clean streets and clean houses, and clean benches to sit on," said John.

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"Very well then," said the Rain, "I shall have to stay today to clean the streets, the benches in the park, roofs of houses, and leaves on the trees, and make everything clean."

"All right," said John, "you may stay and clean the streets and roofs of the houses, and benches in the park, leaves on the trees, and everything."

The Rain had much work to do. This time it had to stay a long, long time. It rained for many, many days and little Johnny was **tired** of the rain.

"Oh dear Rain go away,

Little Johnny wants to play."

"But, Johnny dear !" said the Rain,

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"Do you not like sweet water to drink, and do you not like to bathe with the water from the well ?"

"All right, Rain," cried Johnny, "I like to drink sweet water and I like to bathe with fresh water from the well."

And again the Rain stayed on. It rained for three days and then the sun shone and the birds sang in the trees and everything looked fresh and green. In the fields the **corn** and rice grew. Everyone was happy and little Johnny felt that the Rain was good, and he said,

"Dear Rain, don't go away,
I want to talk to you today."

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EXERCISES

1. How did rain **spoil** Johnny's play ?

2. How did Johnny come to like the rain ?

3. What do you like to do on a rainy day ?

4. Name three preparations of milk and three flowers that have a sweet smell.

5. Where does drinking water in a village come from ?

6. Bad is the opposite of good.
   Write the opposites of :—
   nice, wet, clean, **tired.**

7. What months form the rainy season ?
   The rainy season begins.. ..... Summer and ends.....Winter.

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8. Fill in with **is** or **are**

I. Ram and Shyam.....brothers.

II. .....this book new ?

III. We.....all friends.

IV. Your hands.....dirty.

V. The rose.....red.

When we speak of one person or thing, we use **is** . When we speak of more persons or things, we use **are.**

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THE DAISY

Long, long ago, the **Queen** of the flowers came to earth. She had long, lovely **hair**, but her head was **bare.** Her dress was made of coloured cloth. She was looking for the most beautiful flower. She went to the forest, where she saw many beautiful flowers, but they were not what she wanted. She flew **among** the fields and gardens of the **cities.** She saw a tall **sunflower**, standing **proudly** near the wall. She asked the sunflower if she was pleased to be where she was, or if she would like to live somewhere else. "Oh," answered the sunflower,

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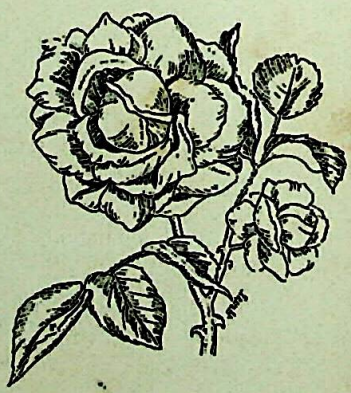
"I should love to live in the garden of the king. There my golden colour would show up better in the lovely green grass. How happy I should be to hear the **princesses** say, 'How beautiful she is!' "

"Ah!" thought the Queen, "you are too proud to be the most beautiful flower." So she turned away sadly, and went to another garden. Here were many flowers: **buttercups, forgetmenots,** and **roses.** They looked beautiful; so,



over to them went the Queen. She asked the roses, "Where would you like most of all to live?"

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"Since we are the most beautiful flowers we should live only in the most beautiful gardens," they said.

"Pride again," thought the Queen as she turned away sadly. Looking down she saw a **violet** looking **shyly** at her. The Queen bent down and asked, "Little violet! Are you happy?" "Oh, no!" said the little violet, "Too many **people** see me. I want to live in the forest under the trees where no one can see me. There the stream will keep me cool, and the trees will shelter me from the sun." "Oh, this will never do!" thought the Queen, taken **aback**, as she turned away again.

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Then she came to a little garden where an old man sat in the sun, and at his feet grew one little **daisy**. The old man was looking at it. "I wish to keep it for my **sick** daughter," said he to the Queen. The Queen bent down and spoke to the little daisy. "Little daisy! Where would you like to live?" "Oh, dear Queen," answered the little daisy, shyly, "I want to live just here, where little boys and girls can find me, when they are playing. I want to make them happy."

The Queen smiled happily. "Ah," said she, "at last I have found the most

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beautiful flower," and she **waved** her **wand** over the little daisy. "You shall live everywhere and you shall always be the children's flower; they shall make daisy-chains with you, and they shall love you."

The Queen flew happily away. This is why all children love the daisy!

EXERCISES

1. Why did the Queen of flowers come down to this earth?

2. Why did the Queen think:
   (a) That the sunflower was proud?
   (b) That the daisy was very beautiful?

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3. Why do the children love the daisy ?

4. What lesson do you learn from this story ?

5. The sunflower was tall : a mango tree is taller; a palm tree is the tallest of the three.

Write similar sentences with the words : white, young, near, loud, soft, kind.

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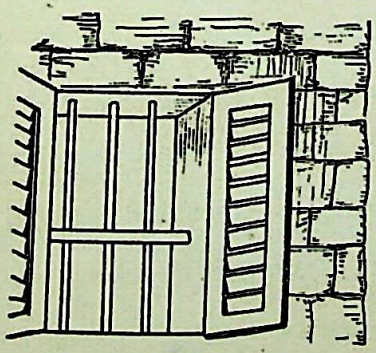
TEACHER'S TALK

I

Never say, "I can't do this or that." Always say, "I can." There is nothing you cannot do if you try hard. Look at the **window**. I wanted to open it.



I gave it a pull. Nothing happened. I gave it another. It moved only an inch. I gave it a third, and it gave in, easily. It is now **wide** open, as you can see.

You must have taken part in a **race**. You all start together from a line drawn

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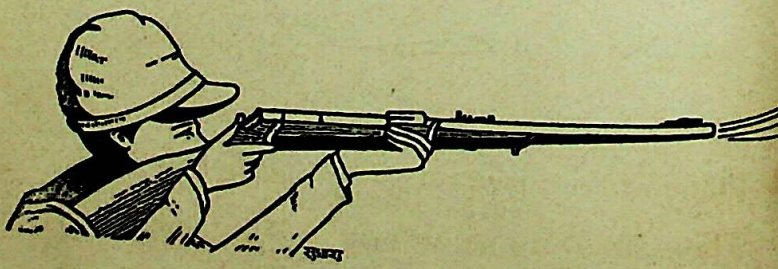
across the field. Somebody blows a **whistle** or **fires** a **gun**, and off you go, running as fast as you can. Those who are cowardly look at others who are far **ahead** and, then, drop out. Those who are brave run up to the **winning** post. It does not **matter** who wins. What matters is the **fact** that we run from the start to the **finish.** What matters is the fact that we run as fast as we can. It is the hard work which **counts**, it is the **attempt** that matters.



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And is not our **life** a race? We all begin at a **point.** We try to do this and that. For **example,** we all are trying to learn English. Some will learn it better than others, because some will try harder than others. Some will not learn it at all, because they will not work hard. And a few will shine because they will work the hardest of all.

And as with English, so with other **things** in our life. We **lose** because we do not try to win. We **fail** because we turn away from hard work. From one end of the earth to the other, you will find some who are at the top in this line or that: while most of us are at the **bottom.** Those who are at the top have worked

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their way up to it. Those who are at the bottom have just looked on and done nothing, while others working hard have **passed** them by.

If, then, you want to do well in life, set to work at once and work hard, so that in the race of life you may not be left **behind**. And to win this race, you must **train** your **mind**, as you train your **body**. You know how to get up when you fall. Do you know what to do when you get into **trouble**? Some of you get out of it, but most of you cry and cry, and are so **upset** as to look **blindly** at others for **help**. Why should you be so put out as to ask others to help you out of a hole into which you have yourself fallen?

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If you are **bold**, you will boldly take the blows, and smilingly go ahead. If you are cowardly, your face will darken at each **ugly** turn, and you will fall again, and count your blows and nurse them and cry and cry, unable to brighten up again, unable to go on, unable to enjoy the wonderful race that is life.

You must always be bold. Make up your mind never to be cowardly. Do not mind how **often** you fall. Mind well to get up when you do, and to go **onward**, running as fast as you can, looking ahead at the winning post. In life there is no first or second. Most of us reach the post and get through; others fail and are left **behind**, and those who are left be-

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hind fail because they do not try to reach the post, and not because they cannot reach it. The post is well within the reach of all. It does not get away from us. The cowardly get away from it. Fall to **rise**. Run to win. Always look to the **goal** and you shall reach it. You cannot fail. You shall not fail. You must not fail.

EXERCISES

1. Did the window open at the first pull? How did it open?
2. What matters most in a race?
3. Why do some reach the top and others remain at the bottom?
4. Complete the sentences:

   If you ask others for help, you are. coward

   When you smilingly go ahead you are. bold

   The post is within the reach of. all.

   Always do your best and never give up. try

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TEACHER'S TALK

II

You have already been trained to think of one thing at a **time.** You have eyes to see, and yet you are blind to all that goes on outside this class. You are seeing English words, not birds flying in the sky. **Just** now, you have ears to hear only English sounds. And you are **deaf** to the **noise** of the birds **hopping** about in the field outside. You have legs and you are able to run away, but you are sitting here as **though** you were **lame.** After a **quarter** of an **hour,** when the **bell** goes, I shall go away, and another

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teacher will come and teach you History. And then you will learn not the sound and spelling of English words, but the **dates** of **battles** won or lost. You will be told about the **birth** and **death** of princes or kings. And, then, perhaps, in the last hour, you will train your **limbs.** You will move your hands up and down ; your right or left. You will stand 'at ease' and then to '**attention,**' and will quickly **march forward** if you are asked to do so. You have **tongues** to speak, and yet you will all be **dumb.** The Drill Master will speak and you will silently **obey.**

At last, you will run home, when the school is over. And at home you will

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be welcomed by your father and mother, **uncle** and **aunt**. You will not think of the birth of princes or the death of kings. Now, you will hear not the voice of the teacher, but many voices of your people. There is your **cousin** who is asking you to follow her to the garden where she will show you the lovely **calf** to which your cow has given birth. There is your sister asking you to let her have a bite of an apple which your mother has just given you. There is your father in the **study** asking for his bottle of **ink.** And your mother is all the time worrying because the milk for your tea has turned **sour**; and fresh milk must be had.

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And now your **hairy** dog has come up to you with an **egg** in its **mouth** which it drops at your feet. Then there is much noise in your family. Your mother is trying to **prove** that your sister left the egg on the floor and the dog took it away. Your aunt is trying to prove that your dog is a very bad dog because it took away two or three **onions** to play with them. You are trying to prove that your dog is a very good dog, while the dog itself is **barking** in a **horrid manner**.

And now you are about to eat what your mother has **cooked** for you ; there she is with a huge plate full of light refreshments : there are eggs and onions, bread and **butter**, **pepper** and **salt**, milk

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and **honey**. There is a **shout** for father who turns up for a minute to say that he will eat nothing but a **slice** of bread which he takes off the plate and hurries off to the study. And now you and your cousins and brothers and sisters eat heartily and speak highly of your mother's cooking, and your mother smiles to hear what you say, for, at heart, she is happy to think that you like the manner of her cooking.

And so refreshed, you all go out to walk or play, to see a football match or take part in one.

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EXERCISES

1. Why should you think of only one thing at a time ?

2. Which do you like more, English or History ?

3. How many people are there in your family ?

   How many men ?

   How many ladies ?

   How many boys ?

   How many girls ?

4. Narrate in your own words any story you know of true friends.

5. Give other instances to show that nature treats the poor and rich alike.

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6. **Learn and Remember :**

A person who cannot hear is deaf.

A person who cannot see is blind.

A person who cannot speak is dumb.

A person who cannot walk is lame.

7. **Our** history class begins after quarter of an **hour.**

Use one of the words *our* or *hour* in each of the following sentences :

1. At what....do you rise ?
2. ....flag is orange, white and green.
3. We should love and obey.... parents.
4. The train will arrive in an.....
5. This is....dog.

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Ratanlal Agarwal.
IX A.

TEACHER'S TALK

III

You are with friends when you walk to school; you are with friends in class; you are with friends in the playing fields; and at home you are with such friends as smile when you smile, and cry when you cry.

So also in life: you can always be with friends. And then the race of life will be easy to run, easy to win. With friends, there will be less of tears and more of smiles. With friends you will never mind the long, long journey.

And you can be friendly with all the

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lovely things that you see around. Will not your friends be countless, then? The men who are our friends today may be our **enemies** tomorrow: but never so the flowers in the garden, or the trees by the road, or the clouds in the sky or the midnight stars. They have been, they will be, they are, the unfailing friends of men and women and children, who have been, will be, and are. No matter what happens to us, the sky is there to please us by its endless blue; the sun is there freely to give us light and warmth and **health** and hope. The rose does not flower for the rich alone. The cuckoo sings for us all, and the rain-drops beat on the roofs of our **humble** homes as

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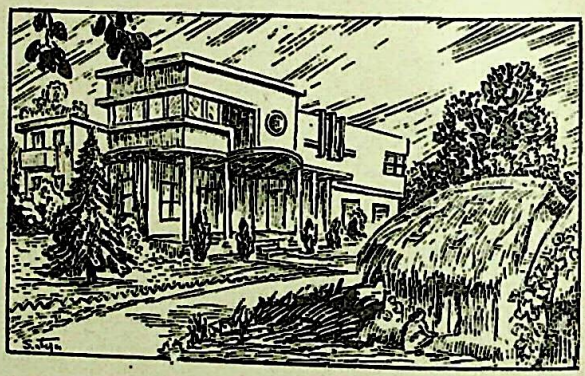
well as on the **palaces** of kings. No



man can **order** the wind to blow. No king can order the **seed** to grow into a plant. No queen can order the cuckoo to be silent in the **spring**. No prince can give the rose its scent. For, all these lovely, wonderful things of this vast, beautiful world, are made at the will of God. It is He who makes the lotus grow in the mud. It is He who gives to the

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sea its song, to thunder its horrid noise, to lightning its **flash**, to the sky its endless blue. It is He who makes us wise to understand the beauty and loveliness of things, and then, to understand Him. It is He who is our greatest helper, greatest friend, surest shelter, brightest hope. No Government can order the wind to blow. No king can order the flowers to **bloom**. No queen can turn the seed to a plant. No prince can turn a rose into a **worm**, full of horrid **smell**. For, these lovely and wonderful things of this vast, beautiful world are what they are at the will of God. It is He who gives the rose its scent. It is He who orders

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the wind to blow. It is He who makes the sea break into waves.

And so, you see, my young friends, as you grow up to be men, you will need no books which you will have finished by then. But you will yet need lessons which you will learn from the book of God. And the book of God is this wide, wide, wonderful world, which is open to all, free for all, easy for all to read and learn. No grammar is needed to understand the scent of flowers : no dictionary is needed to tell us the meaning of the lovely things we see, of the wonderful sounds we hear. The sun has no **plural** to worry about : and the **gender** we give to the moon cannot change its beauty. This

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syntax of the world is clear by day as well as by night.

Perhaps, in the book of God, there is but one word, used now as a noun, now as a verb. It does not change its meaning, whatever the case, whatever the tense. And, perhaps, it is above tense, because He who uses it is above time. And, perhaps, it is above number, for He who uses it is now one, now many. And you knew the meaning of this word long before you came to this class: you knew it when your mother put her hands on your head and sent you smiling to school. You knew it when your father cried after making you cry. You knew it when the rain-drops cooled your head on a hot,

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blazing day. You knew it when the wind fanned you to sleep on a summer night. You knew it when the cuckoo sang on the mango tree and you felt you must copy its lovely voice and you tried as best as you could. That word, perhaps the only word in the book of God, is LOVE. Make up your mind to fill your book of life with this word. You will then have learnt a great lesson, my friends! You will have turned a little of this earth into **heaven**; you will have **worshipped** GOD.

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EXERCISES

1. Name some of your friends :

   (a) among birds

   (b) among plants

2. **Answer :**

   (a) For whom does the rose flower ?

   (b) Who makes the lotus grow in the mud ?

   (c) Who is our greatest friend ?

   (d) Which is the book of God ?

3. **Use :**

   (a) Love as a noun, and then as a verb.

   (b) Smell as a verb, and then as a noun.

   (c) Change as a noun, and then as a verb.

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ALL OUR LIMBS ARE EQUALLY GOOD

Once upon a time a man was asleep. While he lay asleep, his limbs had a **fight** among themselves. Hot words were used and one limb tried to prove that any other was less **important** than itself. After an hour or so, all the limbs made up their mind about the **stomach** which they **thought** to be the least important of all, and they said so. The stomach was taken aback and it asked the other limbs to take back what they had said. The others would not hear of it and so they started talking again, and they talked

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just as you and I do : and below is an example of their talk :

Stomach : I tell you—you are all wrong. I am as good as any of you.

Ears : Tall talk ! What do you do ? We make a **person** able to hear. And you ?

Eyes : We make a person able to see. What about you ?

Hands : And we take the food to the mouth—

Mouth : And I keep the food for you—

Tongue : And I **taste** the food for you.

Teeth : And I **chew** the food for you.

Throat : And I drop the food for you.

Stomach : I know, you do what you have said. But I cannot see how I am worse than you are.

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Eyes : You are the worst of all. We work and you do not work at all.

Stomach : Oh, is that so ? I tell you for the last time, don't make me angry.

Hands : What if you are ? Be as angry as you like to be !

Eyes : And do your worst !

Ears : And make all the horrid noises you can when you are hungry as you soon will be. We shan't let any one hear you. Not even the person to whom we all belong.

And the limbs withdrew their help and the stomach was all alone. It could

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do nothing by itself. The man felt hungry but he could not take any food to the mouth, for he could not move his hands. In great hunger he wanted to bite at fruits, but the teeth would not work. He wanted to ask a friend to drop some food inside his mouth, but his throat would not let him speak. He wanted to tell his friends in signs that he was hungry but he could not make any signs, even with his eyes which would not move. So the man was for days without food and drink. He grew so **weak** as to be almost dead. It was then that the eyes, the ears, the teeth, the throat became almost lifeless and could not work at all. So they met together again and made up their mind to

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tell the stomach that they were sorry for what they had said to it. When the stomach heard that they were sorry, it was pleased. It shook hands with them and they all started working together again. Soon the man to whom they all belonged was as healthy and strong as he was before, and all was well with the limbs.

EXERCISES

1. Why did the limbs have a fight among themselves ?
2. Which of the limbs was the wisest ?
3. Who suffered as a result of the fight ?

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